

WAR CRY

THE
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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BRIGADIER JACOBS.

OUR "WHITE HOUSE."

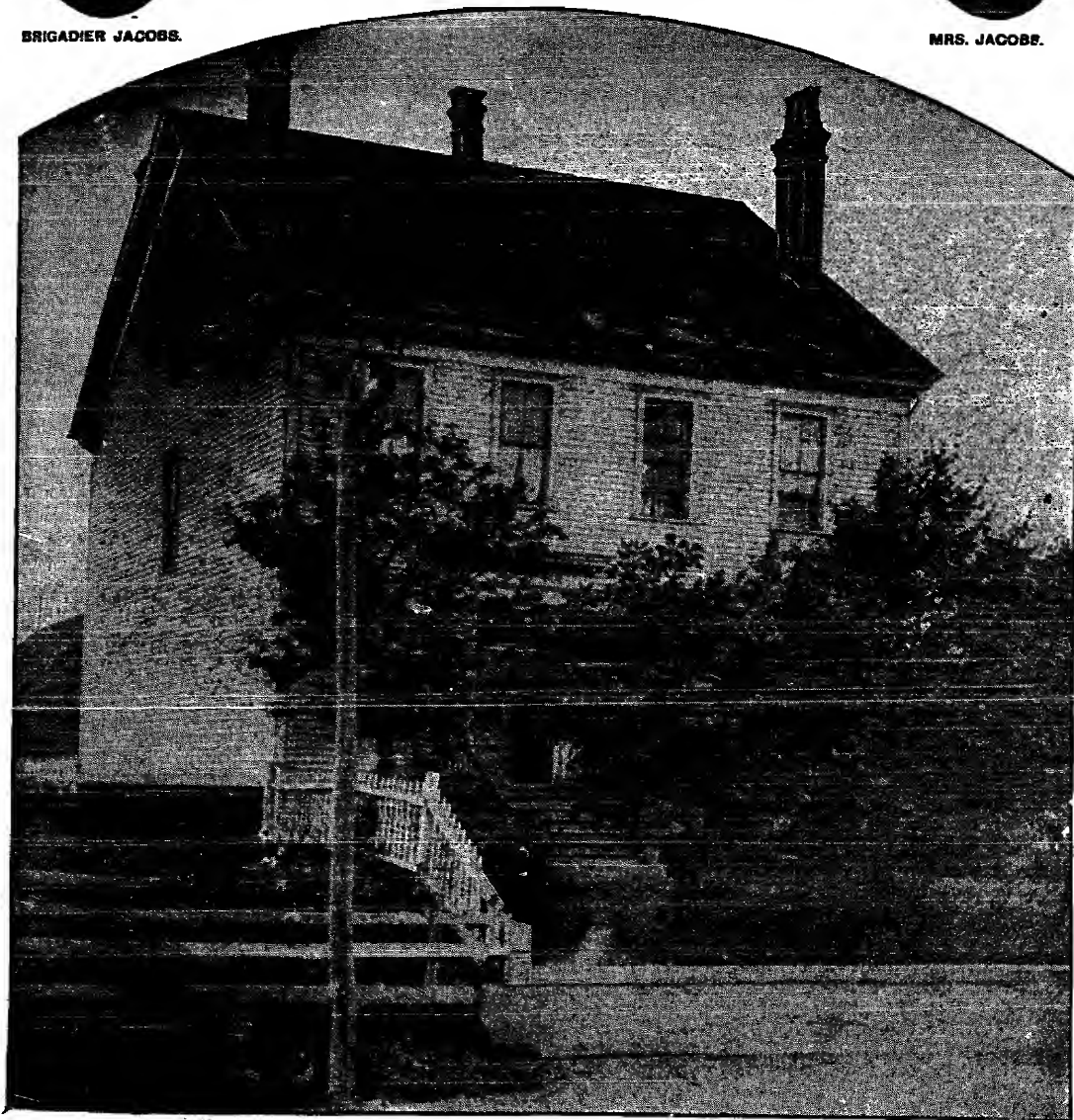
Centre of the Maritime Warfare.

Convenient and Commodious Headquarters for the Eastern Province—
Jubilee Scheme No. 32 Realized.

(See page 2.)



MRS. JACOBS.



to go. (B.J. 11, or 102.)
to the Gospel feast,
my, come away,
now will give you rest,
my, come away;
time is passing on,
all will soon be gone,
the Jesus bids you come,
Come away.

still is open wide,
y, come away,
the Saviour's side,
y, come away;
you might be forgiven,
to dwell with Him in heaven,
recluse side was given,
Come away.

I am coming now,
y, right away,
forgiveness now,
y, right away;
since I have been,
s with all my sin,
both make the vilest clean.
Cleans me now,
BEN BRYAN, Scotland.

the Chariot, its wheels roll
in fire.
the General! God him
pray,
for, we hail thee to-day;
succours, Jehovah! be
thy,
mercy for ever surround

Army! 'twill conquer the
banner is ever unfurled;
scorn upward have trod
oliness, heaven, and God.
the WAR CRY! we love it
s sinners of judgment and
o come under the Blood,
ion and cleansing from God.
MARIA SIMPSON.

do of kindness. (B.J. 11 or
142.)
it is the Saviour
ing now for thee;
He paid the ransom,
for you and me,
all is finished,
rid may now go free,
as now I've purchased
s of Calvary.

CHORUS.

user, come to Jesus,
user, come to Jesus,
user, come to Jesus,
ing now for thee.

ry any longer,
recluse years is o'er;
Christ, your Saviour,
will take you in,
so and make you happy.
the guilt of years,
instead of sorrow,
"instead of fear.

moment longer,
fly, passing by;
of death will find us,
it will have to die,
these worldly pleasures,
as the chilling life;
then, poor sinner!
om the Saviour died.

LIEUT. CHAFFIN.

first on the armor.
our delight,
with all our might,
He has saved us from our
to all around
we have found,
always serve our Master

CHORUS.

ur Saviour, our Master will
to corner, no matter what
people know, where-ever
to,
king for King Jesus.

we'll shout and sing,
sore to Him bring,
victor died for every one;
ards, they may come,
save every one,
to will freely take them in.

The Department now an empty
most delicious in the world to be
Jubilee, 50c, etc. and 10c at
all; from the time from the
All these packed in the
one full pound, with delicate
or through your Captain.

OUR WHITE HOUSE.

Centre of Operations for the War in the East.

A GENUINE SNAP!

Another Triumph in Canada's Fifty Jubilee Advantages.

Now a word or two about Scheme No. 32. This is, as perhaps some of our readers may remember, the purchase of a Provincial Headquarters, at St. John, N. B., and best of all, this is not only a scheme, but a tangible reality.

The house is a large one, and typical of the genuine Salvationist, as it is veritably

Set Upon a Hill.

The front windows command a capital view of the city itself, with Carleton and Fairville in the distance; then from the windows at the side and back one has a glorious glimpse of the salt water, indeed, the garden runs down almost to its edge, so one has the advantage of city and country life blended in one.

And now about the house itself. Scenery is very lovely, but to anyone of Brigadier Jacob's intensely practical turn of mind, this alone wouldn't have much weight in the selection of a Headquarters.

One of the first things to be considered was economy—to get the most comfortable abode at the smallest possible cost; and this certainly has been accomplished, for the house was purchased at a very low figure.

As you come in you are apt to turn by instinct to the door at the left of the hall, and find yourself at once in the midst of

A Rush of Business.

There sits Staff-Capt. Howell, immersed in letters, candidate's forms, etc., etc.; Capt. Creighton, the musical scribe, humming an air as he wields that proverbially mighty weapon, the pen; and the Provincial Secretary, flying in and out, doing three or four times the work of an ordinary mortal.

Follow him across the hall and you find yourself in his private sanctum, a small room with a very big desk, a book case, and but little furniture besides, but I mustn't forget that we have in the room we have just left, a

Thriving Trade Depot,

where innumerable bonnets, caps, gloves, blouses, waterproofs, and heaps of other things are stowed away into an amazingly small space.

On the floor with the offices are Staff-Captain and Mrs. Howell's room, with a



In the Private Sanctum of Brigadier Jacobs, "with the D.O.'s Statistical Book."

kitchen, pantries, and dining-room down stairs in the basement.

I picture you will be greeted by Mrs. Jacobs, and of course will feel at home at once. She will do the honors in genuine Scotch fashion, and will be delighted to escort you over the remainder of the house, and give you a cup of tea in the bargain.

The rooms are large and airy. The Provincial Secretary looks a little doubtful because they are so big, but then, as he explains, he bought the place

So Very Cheap.

The furniture is plain, as all Salvationist furniture ought to be—for extravagance is a sin almost unknown in this model household.

Up another flight of stairs and you come to the nursery, a trunk room, and a couple of bed-rooms.

Altogether I think we can safely congratulate the Brigadier on his choice of a house, and rejoice with him that the Army has been able to secure it.

EDMUND GALT.

Brampton.—A weary wanderer returned after a desperate struggle.—Capt. TERRY.

Vernon, B. C.—Farewell! Welcome! Tears, and choked voices, and good-byes, and shouts of "God bless you," the tears taken away from our midst one who has toiled bravely for three years up and down the Rocky Mountains in search of precious diamonds for the King of kings, but who has now gone to enjoy the sweet breezes of the Prairie. We have welcomed two staunch warrior-warriors—Capt. Stephens and Lieutenant (?) All smiles. Welcome meetings; beautiful, nice crowds; good collections; beautiful attention.—THE PIONEER.



"Examining the Rent Roll."

HOW THEY DIE.

HIS ARMOR DOFFED.

REPORT.—After being away to council, and having the chance of hearing our beloved General, we returned with fresh strength for the fight.

The first news that awaited us was that Brother SAMUEL COLE, who has been a soldier for some years, had at last laid aside the armor and gone to receive the crown. For nine months he had been a sufferer.

We often visited him, but never heard him complain. When asked if he was ready, he could always answer promptly and say that he was "just waiting for the summons."

We often heard him thank God that he had no property or riches to set his affections upon, but we believe he is now rich in heaven.

On we go to fight for God and bring others to His feet. CAPT. BERTON.

A WINNIPEG BAND BOY IN HEAVEN.

DAVID CLARK came to Winnipeg from England about a year and a half ago. He was first noticed at the barracks a little over a year ago, and was spoken to by the Captain.

He was then a backslider.

A few nights later, he was brought to the postmaster-form by our present bandmaster. In one time, he began to blow one of the horns, and was commissioned a bandman. He was posted bandman and soldier, always at his post when possible, the first to fire away at the open-air; always was so deeply in earnest. His eyes used to flash fire as he pleaded and warned the sinners to flee to Jesus for safety. Everybody believed in him.

He died in the Winnipeg General Hospital of typhoid fever.

We gave him a proper blood-and-fire funeral. The band turned out and marched to the grave, a distance of about four miles. The music was very solemn, and many were led to think and see the reality of death, and the possibility of being ready to meet God.

The funeral service was conducted by Mrs. Read, who also led the memorial service the following Sunday. A number of soldiers, who were most intimately acquainted with him, testified to his godly life, his beautiful, happy life and character. Faithfully he had warned all within his reach to get ready to meet God and be ready for death, and so it was that there will be some at the judgment bar who will be led to say that it was through Bandman Clark's efforts they were prepared to enter heaven, and also, there may be some who will have to say that they were warned by him, but neglected to go to Jesus.

May God bless his bereaved friends in the Old Land. F. D. S.

"When the roll is called in Heaven, I will answer to my name."

LASTING.—Death has visited our ranks again. This time our faithful comrade, KONSTANT DUBARBY, was called to answer to his name, Sept. 25th.

Our comrade was a native of Suffolk, England, and had reached the ripe age of seventy-six years.

Some four years ago, our brother gave his self fully to God in the Army, and has since been a faithful soldier, till God said, "It is enough, come up higher." "The shall be blessed, because thy seed will be as thy's." How true is the Lord's promise! True not only because there is a reward, but because there is the absence of the halloo-jahs and anisms that brought into service an inspiration, felt by all, that he was a man of God.

It was my privilege to visit our brother many times during his illness, and my soul has been blessed as we sang and prayed together. He assured me his faith was strong in the eternal God, and His Son Jesus Christ, while his hope penetrated beyond the death, and his love encompassed all.

His influence was not confined to the Army, it extended throughout the community. His presence was felt wherever he went.

His life was a perpetual sermon on the subjects of industry, honesty, Sabbath-keeping, fidelity to a pure, plain, Protestant faith. He gave liberally to the needy and to the Army, and his often cheerful and self-sacrificing. Such things as these build up a noble character.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign Fraser, assisted by the writer. A large number of sympathizing friends followed it to Fairview cemetery.

The memorial service was conducted by Ensign Fraser. CAPT. BERTON.

B. C. Nuggets.—British Columbia is a mineral wealth. From these mountains, plains, rivers, and valleys come the mineral resources which it is said, in time, will place this Province first on the Continent in progression and industry. Every day we find nuggets of gold being taken from the bowels of the earth, helping out trade and commerce. But what about these jewels, these nuggets that have been discovered by the Salvation Army, found lying buried in the debris of sin and degradation, unworked and unworked, till on the street corner they listened to the story of salvation? Today they are shining out like the dew-drops in reflection of the morning sun—jewels that earth cannot produce, shining and reflecting the light, love, and glory of the Sun of Righteousness. One of these nuggets is of more value than worlds.

The war is advancing. The advance is forcing the enemy. At Vittoria up on Sunday, eight souls came boldly out and sought forgiveness. God is saving still along.

Capt. Patton, of Nanaimo corps, has been fighting for weeks with a very weak body, and with a sore, worn out throat. Being no other officer to assist her in this important corps, your special correspondent, A. Bell, volunteered to help her, so she has been fighting by her side for a few weeks. God is helping them clear off the balance of debt in this barracks. The soldiers have noticed that with one grand rally and charge on the debt devil to drive him right across out of this building and stand free from this treacherous.

Vancouver is a moving. Capt. Oakes, who has been in charge of this corps since the farewell of Ensign Rennie, is now very busy. Will all the comrades pray for him? His fight has been a p'fect one in Vancouver, and many souls have been converted. He is now in command by Capt. Miller.

Capt. Smith, of New Westminster, has received reinforcements by way of Mr. Davidson, from Winnipeg corps, full of army spirit and go. The new band of good service in playing over their terrible kills. Capt. Smith expected a few days and had the promise of it, when, lo and behold, a wire came to hand. "Forward! Cannot help it, Captain; it's all in the war. Vernon is also changing officers."

What about Harvest Festival? Well, we shot away ahead of last year's target. Our fight was made quite difficult by the small deprivation on the Coast in business all through the year. This made us double our efforts. The result was gratifying: Vittoria, \$140; Nanaimo, \$214; New Westminster, \$157; Nanaimo, \$80; Vernon, \$0. Total, \$520, against the \$680 total of last year's effort.—ADJ. AMBROSE.

P.S.—I met a doctor on his way to the Sunday school in which he was in charge of this afternoon. He had his lesson carefully folded, but over when all he had was empty. His lesson to the children for this afternoon was taken from the object lesson on the first page of the Catechism. "This is one of the best lessons for the children I ever saw."

Prince Albert.—Having been only two months at Mecca Jaw it seemed hard to leave, but when Lieutenant Davidson and I received our farewell orders we collected our few belongings and the joy of seeing a few comrades to Christ. Lieutenant Scott, and then on to Prince Albert. On arriving here the soldiers were at the station, giving us a right warm welcome. Corps in a good condition. Capt. COLLIER.

THE

His Brilliant

HEARTIER RECOGNITION GIVEN TO

"Surrendered at Discretion."

"Just Like His Picture"

"Nor Life a Bone"

BY THE INTERNATIONAL "WAR" CORRESPONDENT.

A Staggering Salute.

True, every syllable (so please, Editor).

Why, we were whisked from landed into vehicles, and rattled there on our arrival at Truro. You present, losing sight of the General himself the captive of a fine appearance, Brother Cummins, who was in London and our Army while there. Another whisk, and back at the Presbyterian church.



REV. GOGGIE, Truro.

"I have not sustained a broken head, but still I defend the Army issues on Ed. West.—Mr. Goggie.

Rev. A. L. Goggie, whose guest and had become. Mr. Goggie is very mortal; so well had he things that the General at once

The General's General.

He had invited Christian workers from all denominations to provide a friendly tea-meal, and when they approached the school room, well-set tables were arranged, and their struck up.

"Must be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love."

This kindly greeting so delicately pressed, bonded us at once, and harmony of feeling prevailed. "General" told us that he had the Army almost from the start, though he had never got a broken defense, he had sustained a stick while fighting on behalf of the High Street of Edinburgh. "The Commandant.—"I'd like stick."

They had largely represented from the religious forces of the day with a gentleman who represented them, and though they were to have a very formal meeting, dress—those the S. A. did not in—he would give them a chance for themselves. His Worship, Mayor Turner, of those who were living in the little idea of what the officers and of the Salvation Army had to do

THE GENERAL IN CANADA!

CONTINUATION OF His Brilliant and Triumphant Campaign.

HEARTIER RECEPTIONS COULD NOT BE GIVEN TO A ROYAL PRINCE.

"Surrendered at Discretion."
"Just Like His Pictures."
"Her Life a Benediction."

BY THE INTERNATIONAL "WAR CRY"
CORRESPONDENT.

A Staggering Solilo.

True, every syllable (no please don't miss Editor).
Why, we were whisked from the cars, bundled into vehicles, and rattled off in no time on our arrival at Truro. Your correspondent, losing sight of the General, found himself the captive of a fine specimen of humanity, Brother Cummins, who annually visits London and our Army meetings while there. Another whiz, and we are back at the Presbyterian church of the

or the patience, perseverance, and endurance needed, when they attacked the haunts of evil in such places as New York, London, and Chicago. It was an organization that picked a man up, put him on his feet, and supported him till he was

Able to Elbow his Fellow Again.

(Hear, hear.) Looked at from a social, civic, or moral standpoint, the S. A. represented ought to call forth their approval and best wishes, but the General and his people said, "No, this is not all, though all these are included, for if you Christians a man you have got all the rest." (Applause.)

As voicing the feelings of his fellow in the ministry, the Rev. John Wood, President of the Ministerial Association, said this would be an occasion to be long remembered, and they would all feel henceforth a deeper interest in the work in which the General and his Army were engaged. But the speaker also represented another relation, namely, that of Chairman of the Congressional Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in this connection also he expressed loving sympathy with our work. None of them could forget that there had been associated with the General and his life work the mainly and ardent Catherine Booth, and that she threw her soul into the movement. Their names would always be associated together, and when they thought of the one they would think of the other. "We are aiming," said Mr. Wood, "at the same ideal result, and bringing in the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and its establishment throughout the whole world. Therefore we cannot but feel a great interest in everything that tends to promote the Kingdom. We are organized into different divisions and Army corps, so to speak; we wear different facings, but we have the same object in view. We recognize with great pleasure the noble aim you have set before you, and the singleness of purpose with which you and your people are striving after that end. Indeed it seems to me, as the Mayor has said to-night, that if the S. A. has done nothing more than labor for the social and moral well-being of the people, it deserves well at the hands of the Christian world. But it has done more than that, and so we all say, all honor to the men and women who have gone down, as Mary said—while Christian people held aloof—into the horrible pit of misery and clay to our fallen humanity." (Applause.)

Captain J. Seckling, on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, extended their welcome to "a man." (Hear, hear.) The need of the world to-day was, he thought, not men, but

More Men.

He hailed General Booth and his officers in the sense that they had had the courage to go down to the haunts of evil in our large cities with the light of the Gospel.

Mr. Goggie mentioned that there were also present representatives of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and an Independent Mission, carried on in the town, but without any further speaking, he would ask General Booth to address them.

The brevity and point of the General's reply will be gathered from the following, which is the substance of his address:

"I have tried, as a man, as a humble, unworthy man, to follow my Master. I early learned, perhaps at the beginning of my religious career, that Christianity consisted not only in the realization of the spirit and personal character of Jesus Christ, the possession of the witnessing spirit as to my own conversion

and adoption and security, but in the literal following in the spirit, and largely in the letter, of my Saviour. As He left heaven and came down to earth, and went to the lowest, the poorest, the most ignorant, took them in His arms, died for them, and poured out His Spirit upon them, so in my sphere in His strength, and for His glory, I must go down to the poor and the suffering, and the sinful, and try and force them by arguments, persuasion and love, to accept the benefits of His salvation. That was to me Christianity. I have known no lower standard; and I don't think my standard is any higher to-night than it was when I was a lad of sixteen.

"It is to the actual following of Jesus Christ to the utmost of my ability for the salvation of men, from that day to this, that I attribute my position—a position which it would be impossible not to admit is one that perhaps is to be desired, to be proud of, if you will allow me the term, that is, the standing I occupy in the estimation of good, humane, philanthropic, and Christian men throughout the world, and that my name is mentioned, not only with interest and honor in the Assemblies of men, but with affection at the Throne of Grace wherever the Christian religion is known, and with affection also in many places where it is not. (Hear, hear.)

"My friend, Captain Seckling, said he hailed me as a man. Well, we are all men, except the women, and they are better than the men. (Laughter.) Your circumstances are different to mine; your surroundings are different; but we have all our work to do. I have the notion that God Almighty has a plan of life for every one of us, and that our highest duty is to fill that plan up. At the same time the plan is only part of a general plan. Take the Salvation Army. If it had done nothing more, it is a stimulus and an encouragement to every man and woman who wants to do anything for Jesus Christ and for His race. (Applause.) Look at me. I have nothing extraordinary about me. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about me is that I am rather fond of work, and I like to make other people work when I get the opportunity. (Laughter.) When I started I was a boy, comparatively in unfavorable circumstances for Christianity, but I got a clear idea of what salvation was, and now here I am, General Booth, with all these battalions, and these 12,000 officers, standing in a position that no man, at least, no Protestant man, has ever stood in. You say it is contrary to the political notions of Nova Scotia (laughter), but it is a fact, and I would not have it otherwise, and my people think so, too. (Applause.)

This position and these beautiful words, flowing into my ears wherever I turn—whence come they? From the conviction that I am a contemplative, a lover of mankind, who tries to stand alongside the throne of God and love them, as Jesus Christ loved them, I have stuck to those views that are more or less despised and cast out amongst men, unshrinkingly saying, "You are a sinner, and you will be damned if you do not repent. Jesus Christ shed His blood for you; you can have His forgiveness; in your heart you can have peace flowing like a river; you can become a Christian whether you are a clergyman or a churchman's butler, and go forth and fight for God and the salvation of the world. (Applause.) The responsibility of doing your work in your family, in your neighborhood lies on your shoulders, and these views I commend to your consideration to-night." (Applause.)

This astonishing gathering was closed with another "hallelujah" prayer. "God be with you till we meet again," and then the General's "General" set his call-bell tolling to announce the great meeting in the large church upstairs.

There was a splendid attendance, and the Mayor performed the duties of chairman. Major Fry came out as a soloist, which only goes to prove that his musical

abilities "have no end," and we settled down in excellent fettle for the event of the visit. With the vehemence of a soul aflame for the good of humanity, the General held the attention of the congregation. "Now, Chairman," he exclaimed as he dilated on the awful condition of the submerged masses, "we don't get close enough to these things; or I suppose that you who live in these paradisaical neighborhoods feel that these things do not concern you." And again, and with moving pathos, "Oh, if I could lay my moving upon my pillow before I die and know that there was nobody in that great London yonder—no criminal, no harlot, no hunger-stricken mortal—who wanted help, but could have it." Then passionately, "Look here, my comrades and fellow-workers in the vineyard of the Lord, these people can be saved! You will be more successful with them than with the children who have been cradled in every luxury, and who know nothing about poverty and misery. Oh, come along everybody and go after them."

"Somebody was saying on board the steamer that life was hardly worth living—hardly worth the buttoning and unbuttoning in dressing and undressing. I agree," said the General, "if life is spent in self-gratification." Could we not start afresh, especially the young people, asking not, "How much will the salary be?" or "Will it be pleasant?" but having the spirit, the character, the purpose, and the life of Jesus. If this were done, we should soon fill these beautiful valleys and hilllands with the songs of salvation.

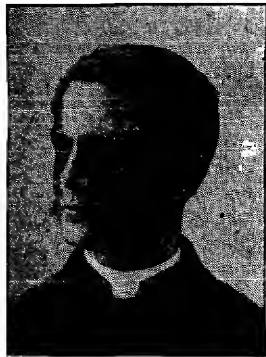


In a Gorgeous Garden.

"Your train starts at 6:10 a.m. standard (or Toronto) time, or 6:10 local (Truro) time." The questioning and cross-questioning, the turning of watch hands backwards and forwards over information of this kind, sprung upon us by Brigadier Jacobs, was very funny, so much so that everybody from the Old Country first grew excited and then howled, and finally resigned to "fate." The Brigadier in this case.

So Friday morning, we were roused up before daylight, and were sent off ticketed for Yarmouth. Now, a succession of travellings of long days and short nights are not in favor of physical freshness at so early an hour. But presently—just when or where I know not—we entered the lovely garden of Nova Scotia—the Annapolis Valley, before whose beauty weariness itself does its best to borrow wings. It is a region of fruit and fertility, such as had hitherto figured only in fairy fancies. Orchards without number. The trees bowed with ruy and golden fruit. Farmsteads looking peaceful and prosperous; lakelets deliciously bordered with richly-garbed forestry; and north and south, the low summits of the mountain ranges that are the foster parents of this sweet valley. The unfolding glories of the journey well repaid us for any inconvenience the slow travelling involved. Presently we ran through the streets of Windsor—a proceeding very strange to a stranger, but causing no surprise to the inhabitants of the "royal" little town. A fine iron bridge enabled us to cross the Avon, and towards mid-day, we drew up for ten minutes at Kentville. Outside the largest station buildings, the local corps had gathered, and eagerly hailed the appearance of their General as he left the cars and took his stand on the slightly-raised platform bordering the goods-shed.

Everybody knows how much the General loves the open-air, and in this grand cath-



REV. GOGGIE, Truro.

"I have not sustained a broken head, but I broke my stick in defending the Army banner on Bunker's High Street."—Rev. Goggie.

Rev. A. L. Goggie, whose guest the General had become. Mr. Goggie is no ordinary mortal; so well had he managed things that the General at once dubbed him

The General's General.

He had invited Christian workers and leaders of all denominations to partake of a friendly tea-meal, and when the General approached the school room, where the well-set tables were arranged, organ and choir struck up.

"Best to be the tin that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

This kindly greeting so delicately expressed, bonded us at once and heavenly harmony of feeling prevailed. The General's "General" told us that he had known the Army almost from the start, and though he had never got a broken head in his defence, he had sustained a broken stick while fighting on behalf of his cause on the High Street of Edinburgh.

(The Commandant—"I'd like to see the stick.")

They had largely represented in that room the religious forces of their town, along with a gentleman who represented the town itself, and though they were not going to have any formal meetings or addresses—those the S. A. did not believe in—he would give them a chance of speaking for themselves.

His Worship, Mayor Turner, said those of them who were living in Truro had little idea of what the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army had to contend with,

and an added charm attaches to his speech. The clear blue of the Canadian dome may have something to do with this. The exhilarating address he now gave will serve as a specimen of these words of encouragement: "I am very glad to see you coming here to wish me God-speed and give me your blessing. It always does me good to see my people in their lovely uniforms—(Come to the front, friends, you are a good example of a Salvationist)—showing their colors to the world, and protesting against the rage and reign of the devil, determined to do what you can by your holy lives, example, and testimony to sinners continually, as you ought to be able to do, and I hope you are doing, to the power of Jesus Christ upon earth to forgive sins. Also to the possession of the power of the Divine Spirit to enable you to master the natural and acquired evil tendencies of your being—mastering yourselves, keeping yourselves the master of the world, living above, outside its fashions, forms, and pleasures, and devoting yourselves, body, soul, and strength, family, all you have, to promoting the interests of Jesus Christ upon the earth, and to the great fight with misery, sin, and devil."

"Now, this is what you ought to be ever saying to the world, this is what God has done for us, this is the way of happiness. Everybody goes about seeking happiness, the search begins in babyhood. A little child only knows this mastering passion—how it can be happy. If you place two apples on the table it wants them both, and it grows up with the same strong desire. Thousands and tens of thousands in this Dominion, and in every land, spend their whole life in searching after happiness, and drop into eternity and never get it; but you found the way of happiness, you have discovered it at the Cross. You found that to be happy you must have the forgiveness of sins, that a man cannot be happy while he is at war with God. 'Let the potsherds of the earth,' says the prophet, 'write with the potsherds of the earth, but let not a man strive with his Maker, but let a man strive with his Maker, and you shall find peace with God.'"

"Laying the rough paths of poverty nature even, And making in your breast a little heaven."

Again, when the Spirit of God comes into a man, it assures him that he is all right for the future. He cannot be at peace when he is uncertain what is going to become of him in eternity.

"God has done this for you, you who are Salvationists, and you who are not, if you are Salvationists inside. And if you are properly saved, you are doing all you can to save the bodies and souls of your fellow-men. You are the servant of all for Jesus Christ's sake. That is the religion of the Bible, that Jesus Christ taught and preached, and of every man and woman who really is an imitator of and a follower of Him."

"Some of you have not got this blessed realization. Is it not well this morning to listen, consider and look up the words of a stranger who has just come out of the train for a few moments only? I am sorry that I have not got longer time, that I might pray with you. You long to see people come to Jesus' feet. Oh, what a lot of people promise, when they think they are going to die, or when some friend beseeches them to meet them in heaven, to seek and to serve God. Begin now to live a noble life and die a happy death—can anything be better? To have peace that the judgment, that eternity, cannot destroy, and that is going to grow better and better as the countless ages roll away. What more do we want? God bless you all. Amen."

The cars had been kept waiting a few minutes beyond their usual time, so we hastened away to gaze upon another lovely stretch of valley until Annapolis was reached. The General himself subsequently explained what happened on our arrival:

"A big powerful man made for me and dragged me off. I began to feel timid. I didn't know what had happened. He wanted to take me into the place there" (pointing to the dining room adjoining the station). "He said he had reckoned on my coming. I said 'Let me go and do my business.' You can't go about the world except you eat, he replied, and he has killed me up till I can hardly stand."

The "big, powerful man" was Mr. R. A. Oarder, of the Annapolis Dining Hall, who, through he could not prevail upon the General to partake of his hospitality first, and speak to the throng waiting to welcome him afterwards, satisfied his kindly heart as long in seeing our party

enjoying a good square meal. Thanks, friend Oarder. God bless you."

Meanwhile the General, who was heartily greeted by Mayor Gillies, led to his carriage and most kindly introduced by him, had delivered another speech, grounded on the two-fold command, which he pressed upon his auditory with undiminished energy. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." A little in front of the carriage, and suspended by means of a line stretched from one telegraph pole to another was a large motto, agreeing with the delight



expressed in the faces of the jubilant soldiers who clustered round. As the General resumed his seat two little girls, with proud timidity, presented him with bouquets, which he smilingly accepted.

It was found that after the meal, of which we have spoken, there was loads of time, so the Commandant, on the suggestion of the General, started a free-and-easy, using a primitive rig for a platform, and getting color and testimonies out of everybody, including the local standard-bearer, who is a Salvationist of color. Under such direction it will be understood that the devil had a warm time of it.

Our "Good Old Man,"

as some Canadian fifty styled him, enjoyed the whole thing immensely, and wound up the occasion with a closing word of powerful import.

The cars for which our train had been waiting an hour and a quarter, and which had been delayed by running off the tracks, were now connected, and we made Yarmouth between six and seven o'clock at night. This time Captain Scott, Harbor Master, bore the General off in triumph past the church whose doors were already blackened with people who were wisely early for the coming meeting. Eleven churches and the Salvation Army for the spiritual edification of its 2,000 inhabitants—surely Yarmouth ought to be good. At any rate it behaved handsomely to us. The town had volunteered their services and played "Garrison Christian Soldiers" in the rear of the General's carriage with all the soul they could put into it. It was good work.

Between the Baptist Church—which, being the largest, was readily found—and the Court House, is a large unoccupied piece of ground, and on this a platform had been run up for the purpose of an open-air reception. An immense crowd, stretching out into the darkness, had come together, in whose hearing His Worship, Mayor Barrell, read this address:

"To General William Booth, Commandant in Chief of the Salvation Army,

"DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of the most sincere pleasure that I find myself called upon to extend to you on behalf of the citizens of Yarmouth, on this your first visit to our town, their most hearty and cordial greeting."

"We assure you that we recognize the proud position you occupy as the founder and leader of one of the mightiest and most extensive religious movements of the age, a movement which has caused more excitement and opposition among men, and one which has received more criticism from the people of the civilized world than perhaps most other events of past history, and the present influential position to which the Salvation Army has attained, and the wonderful success which, under your guidance, has been the result of your able leadership, challenges our admiration and regard."

"We also welcome you as a philanthropist, whose earnest and able efforts on behalf of the poor and needy, have been unceasing, and whose best powers of mind and body have ever been given to the development of large and comprehensive schemes whereby the condition of the down-trodden and fallen shall be made better, and we are glad to believe that future generations will speak the name of Booth as they speak the name of Howard and Wilberforce, as of 'one who loved his fellow-men.'"

"We remember that it is but seldom in the history of the world that a reformer lives long enough to see any great results from his teachings and efforts, yet we are

happy to know that in this regard your life is an exception. You have spent a long life of untiring energy in the service of your Master, and we trust you may have many more years in which to labor for that Master and for humanity; and while we know some of the burdens laid upon you, and some of the trials through which you have passed, and while we with sorrow regret that we cannot welcome with you on this occasion the one who was your best and dearest earthly companion and helper, whose life was a benediction, and whose memory is blessed, yet we would have you

realize that the world is gratefully recognizing this fact, that the efforts of your life and teachings are spreading far and wide over the earth, not like the deadly Upas tree, but like the beautiful Tree of Life, whose fruits are for the healing of the nations."

"General Booth, we again bid you and your associates welcome, and we trust that your visit to Yarmouth will be productive of pleasure to you all, and will be of much benefit to the cause of the Salvation Army, which is working for good in our midst, and that your journey through Canada and over this Continent will result in presenting the great objects you have in view for the benefit of mankind."

"Signed on behalf of the citizens of the town of Yarmouth."

MAYOR.

The General's reply was a call to duty.

"I have found my heaven," he said, "in going about doing the will of my Master, and, Mr. Mayor, this heaven is open to all who are here. Don't be led away by the will-o-the-wisp! Get a purpose that will please God and benefit men. Be like Jesus Christ; bear His cross, and you shall wear His crown; do His work, and you shall have His wages; be His servant, and you shall be His son."

A thousand—probably more—got inside the church, which is said to be over a hundred years old. Mr. T. Flint, M.P., presided, and remarked that General Booth occupied an extraordinary position in the world to day. He was not wealthy as the world counts riches. (Hear, hear.) He held no political position which gave him power in the government of any part of the world; he had not won victories upon the fields of carnage; and yet probably there was no man, were he politician, general, or merchant, of such world-wide fame to-day, or to whom so many looked up with admiration and respect.

The General intimated how deeply his soul was stirred by the sentiments to which he had listened. They made him desire to be able to meet what he might almost term the antagonists of his position, framed from his poor work in the street. "But I can do nothing else," he went on. "I can love my fellow-men, and endeavor to stir up the hearts of Christian people and philanthropic men and women of all classes and shades of opinion, and help them to join hands with Jesus Christ in rescuing a poor, sinful world." (Applause.)

In proposing a vote of thanks for the address which followed, the Rev. Foushee (pastor) said he had listened to it with profound interest and closest attention. He read his book, and

Dropped a Tear upon Its Pages,

but reading a book was, after all, not like hearing a human voice uttering the same things. "Certainly the Lord has raised up our brother for the very purpose of carrying on this work; surely the Lord has given him vitality for years of future service. (Amens.) I think the more we consider these things, and the more we see of the character of the work the Army is doing, the more we shall be convinced that God is in their midst." (Applause.)

The Rev. Cooper (Baptist) who succeeded, said in looking again into the dear old face of General Booth, he had been carried back to many happy hours which he had spent in listening to him and members of his family in the country from which he came. Especially did he recall a thrilling address which the General gave in Oxford Street, London, on "Haunted Houses and Haunted Hearts"; also when he spoke to 6,000

people in the great circus in Liverpool. "I only wish you could see him in a right Salvation meeting," he added. Another reason of his glow on this occasion was because he beheld the men who were doing about the greatest and the most divine work that any man living could possibly be engaged in. (Applause.) "There are in this audience to-night," said Mr. Cooper, "some rich men. Now I want to ask, won't you give something towards this grand Social Scheme? I am sure the General ought to take away

A Thousand Dollars from Yarmouth.

(Laughter and applause.) May the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost rest upon the heads of the veteran saint." (Enthusiastic applause.) That night, he is recorded,

Your Special was Lodged in God.

What he had done to merit such distinction, he cannot fathom. But good Brother Sleeth (who is in charge of the society establishment) took over the night, while his good wife supplied him with the homely hospitality native to Canada. You will be glad to know that your man spent one of the most refreshing nights of his existence under this roof, and was released on Saturday morning in time to start with the General for Digby and St. John. Brother Sleeth, by the way, talks glowingly of the services which the Army and other friends conduct in the prison. He constantly receives letters from men and women who have been released, and some convert, thank this Christiana effort.

Not only did the local paper keep up with the general interest by inserting a portrait of our leader, but published a long set of verses from the point of view of a stranger. We call a sentiment:

"And I thought, not only:
Are these tumult and shout;
Fellow who save men like this,
Know what they are about."

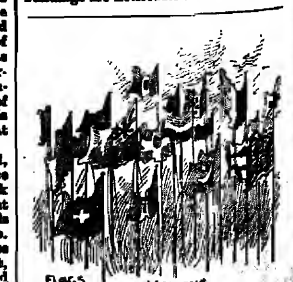
A Piece of Canada.

Sixty-seven miles north-west of Yarmouth is Digby, a place of some two or three thousand inhabitants, but for scenery that earned for the town the General's title of "A piece of Canada." A rare old Saturday meeting was held in the Methodist Church led by Pastor Toole, with Mr. J. E. Jones, M.D., Mayor, chairman. The attendance was splendid, the station square, the service branch novel night as ever harmonized to wafters, square yards of fish laid out to dry, and a partly dismantled Norwegian barge that had come to grief in the bay; but were not prepared for the overpowered lovely scene obtained from the pier of Digby Gut, through which water gate by our course to St. John. I would have "mapped" it for the benefit of our readers, but the absence of color which a photograph involves would have been fatal to the accurate presentation of an of nature's unrivaled picture.

To the "City of Miraculous" was attributed the duty of bearing us across the Bay of Fundy, and, as a local wit remarked us, "Fundy can be very funny." It is narrow arm of the Atlantic, and divides Nova Scotia from New Brunswick. Its strong and rapid tides are a matter of notoriety, sometimes rising and falling fully seventy feet. Thank God, we were not given ocular demonstration of this fact, which your special was quite prepared to dispense with.

The Commerce Capital

of New Brunswick is St. John, and is credited with over 40,000 population, thus putting it in the third-rate category of Canadian cities. Its harbor and West India trade rival that of Halifax. One will observe streets, and handsome public buildings are noticeable features.



Flags of all Nations.

These are after-reflections, those local organ, the Daily Sun, will give the events of the General's entry.

"The great General of the Salvation Army is in the city. He, accompanied his Staff, arrived by boat on Saturday evening."

The Town Surrendered at Digby

the hosts of darkness fled, and the General Booth at its head, is going triumphantly through the streets music and colors flying.

"The visit of General Booth John will mark an important epoch in the history of the work here. The officers and soldiers of the garrison of the Republic look upon Napoleon Staff-Captain Howell—Brigadier-General—'Secord'—with Salvationist about the first person to bid the welcome, and the whole arrangements which he had been principally responsible subsequent report of his cap in this direction. Mr. Joseph Bullock family delightedly 'housed' the General, and his party from had—a repetition of the hospitality had extended eight years ago to our and to many of our officers since."

Leaving this friendly roof, and through a fine street to the Market the General, amid the cheers of thousands of people, mounted a platform and was accorded by the Rev. Mr. "that warm welcome which he felt heart."

Mayor Robertson, of open countenance and kindly mien, followed on.

When he was asked by a Captain Army whether he would speak in reception to be tendered General he replied unhesitatingly, "Yes, over much the actions of the Army have edified in the past, or were of occasion at present, the fact remains in St. John the Salvation Army had down into the lowest depths of a town men and women by the hands lifted them out of the miserable pit into which they had fallen, and by took their manhood and womanhood, for no other reason than this, they have consented to be present, and in welcoming so distinguished a person General Booth."

General Booth should be proud work in St. John. Many of the men of the Army owned property in the many of them were tax payers, and would probably be of greater interest to the politician, many of them were men of worship and he hoped the General would have a glorious time in St. John. He felt certain there was no one who not delighted to have him here.

The Commandant here remarked: there was not a city in the world that shed a larger proportionate number of Salvationists, or of a more blood-accused than St. John.

The General, whose "eyes" (as your paper before quoted) are as bright as the sun, and when he warms up to his job flash fire, was hailed with cheer, gave from a full blown thanks to all concerned, and then a into a ringing address. The organ of the Army was recomended with touches of feeling and language, as simple, speaking of how he early emerged the poor and suffering mankind:

"I threw in my lot with these people. I said: 'These shall be my people, these shall be my wife;

I Will be Married to Poverty

that I may save them. And I received my action to the young men and men who want to know what to do their strength, abilities, and money."

Or in half-musical, but no defense of our methods:

"With regard to our methods to you have referred, sir, and to which everybody refers who comes on a platform—except when they come in Salvation Army—I understand, Mayor, that you would not approve some of our methods. I do not know what body you are identified; but I like the ring of your speech. You are a Salvationist, but it strikes me you do become one, you will make a admirable open-air speaker, and when you get your military cap on, you will be to talk without any fear of taking a poor head. (Hearty laughter.) Now know to what denomination Mr. Mayor; but I wish to say to them they have many methods about the conditions that I do not approve of."



WE ARE FOR PEACE.

"Thy Kingdom come," has been the divinely given petition of the Christian church ever since the divine Man Himself lived, loved, and labored amongst and for mankind; and when that petition receives its full answer here, "the nations" shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. . . . neither shall they learn war any more."—Isa. ii. 4. To present this petition (I. Tim. ii. 2) at the Throne of Him Who taught us so to pray is more urgently necessary at the present time, inasmuch as we witness the sad spectacle of two great nations warring with and killing off each other by the use of weapons of destruction designed by and in most instances purchased from nations that are called "Christian." If our redeemed fellow-men, the Chinese, judge us from what they have seen of British prowess in the Chinese war, from the effects of the opium we forced upon them, like Mahomet did his religion, at the point of the sword, and from the spectacle of our gunboats located in Chinese waters, they will surely conclude that this Christ, after whom these Christians are named, is the very opposite to what we know Herein. No wonder, in the bitterness of their resentment, they say to the Christian teacher, "Get back, don't preach your Jesus doctrine here."—Matt. vi. 10. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9.

OUR FRIDAY NIGHTS.

The news that the Commandant and Mrs. Booth intend to re-commence the famous Friday night meetings will be hailed with delight by our warm-hearted Toronto comrades. The Commandant, who has been in close association with the General during his marvellous campaign East, may be expected to be in first-class form for the meetings here. We cordially invite every soldier and friend to come along and ask for the prayers of all interested in the spread of Scriptural holiness.

THE Toronto united Friday night meetings will be resumed under the direction of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. The blessed season's experiences at these meetings in the early part of the year are not yet forgotten.

THE WAR CRY.

It is encouraging to find that the CRY, in its new shape, nicely cut and stitched, is so acceptable to our readers. We will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to sustain the interest created, and to build up the cause we all have so much at heart.

NO OUTSIDE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our Editorial co-worker, with a somewhat significant smile, handed us a letter recently. It was a request for the price of space for an advertisement in the WAR CRY?

The General, years ago, was offered an immense sum for a similar purpose, but he has never altered his first decision to run the WAR CRY purely in the interests of God and His salvation. As our New York contemporary aptly remarks:—

"A principle cannot be changed—it must either be abided by or thrown to the winds, and when the General decided that he could not preach salvation, and holiness, and recommend quick remedies, and other commodities

he knew nothing of, and cared less for, in the same short, he struck a root principle that has remained as unalterable as the laws of the ancient Moses and Persians."

Advent our present-style WAR CRY, it is pleasant to note the following:—

"The rejuvenated Canadian CRY is a pleasure to eye and heart. Twelve pages, cut and trimmed. A regular S. A. picture gallery, as far as illustrations go."

"The latest Toronto WAR CRY to hand is doubly interesting. Firstly, because it contains the first notices of the results of the General's meetings."

"Secondly, it is very interesting because it has experienced a change in its make-up. It now has only twelve pages, but these twelve are so profoundly illustrated as to more than make up the difference. All in all, it is a handsomely gotten up paper."

The Canadian Statesman, of October 10th, also says:—

"We are very much pleased with the WAR CRY in its new form and make-up. The improvement is very marked, and must be much appreciated by its extensive constituency of readers. We do not admire so much 'display' in a religious publication, but the Army must be unique, we suppose. We wish this excellent journal the success it merits under the able and practical management of Major Compain."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Next to the desire to see the pandemonium of war cleared away, is the satisfaction, ever-present to faith, that Jehovah causes even the wrath of men to praise Him, and He will in the exercise of His infinite wisdom overrule the sad scenes of to-day for the benefit of the contending nations. It is more than probable that both countries will be opened up, by railways and other means, as never before, and the whole Army of Christ will be so drawn to China that something like an adequate attempt will be made to evangelize the vast mass of heathens, who have never heard of Jesus or seen Him manifested in the sanctified lives of His devoted followers.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."

You will have an unusually favorable opportunity to secure this blessedness in the coming

RECONCILIATION

3rd Week in December.

NEWS NOTES

— AT —

HEADQUARTERS.

THE GENERAL addressed the students of Queen's University, on Sunday, 14th.

The two men who set fire to the Fredericton barracks, have been sentenced to twelve years each in the penitentiary. Everything is getting into good shape with respect to the proposed new building.

Major Strepton hopes to have the Harvest Festival returns complete this week. The record has been broken again. Look out for the Commandant's remarks on the whole scheme.

A good, tried, and sincere friend outside of Toronto, has recently assigned to the Salvation Army a valuable mortgage on land in Toronto, which will enhance in value, and add materially to the Army's property in this city. God bless him.

Rapid City corps, have recently secured and paid for land on which to build a barracks. Several other corps are striving bravely to do the same.

The Empire, Toronto, issued last Saturday, has a page of fascinating matter, written by that charming writer, Faith Fenton. It is partly reproduced on another page.

DID YOU GET ONE? WHAT?

Why, the General's Jubilee Badge.

July 19 Septs. Be up to time, man.

BY WIRE!

Visited towns along St. Lawrence; unabated enthusiasm; greatest interest. Kingston, week-end, fifty-five penitents; Barracks, Rink; General addressed students, also four hundred prisoners, Penitentiary. Belleville yesterday; magnificent reception, fine church, overflowing universal appreciation.

F. W. FRY.

COSMOPOLITAN

BULLETINS.

From New York, U.S.A.—GREAT PREPARATIONS. — Preparations on a mammoth scale are being made to afford the General a first-class welcome to the City of New York. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad, has consented to introduce the General to the audience at Carnegie Hall on the occasion of the welcome demonstration. Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the world-wide Evangelical Alliance, will preside at the Auxiliary gathering. Rev. Dr. Bradford, a leading divine, will welcome the General on behalf of the clergy of New York.

"Starvation in Pullman," is the heading of a dodger issued broadcast in Chicago by Staff-Capt. Winchell, who has set to work most energetically in alleviating the sufferings of the starving people of Pullman, Ill.

At Fall River, Mass., the cause of the suffering in the strike of the cotton mill operatives. Our officer, Capt. Lamb, with the soldiers, is doing good, specially among the children. Despatches to hand read:—

"Oct. 3.

"Fall River cotton operatives all on strike. Great suffering. More than 900 children fed to-day at the Army Barracks. Dinners continue till the strike closes. A city merchant furnishes the food, and Salvationists the labor. Praise God for the opportunity!"

"LAMB."

"Oct. 6.

"We had 950 children for dinner yesterday, and about fifty more than 1,000 to-day. God will use this 'labor of love' of our faithful soldiers as the way to many hearts that have hitherto hated us. The faithfulness of the soldiers makes the work go on in perfect order."

"LAMB."

The Commander visited Newark, 22 more at the penitentiary. Fourteen new soldiers made. "Victory Brigade" captures the house. A full house.

From Cape Town, South Africa.—The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, has undertaken, through Sir Gordon and Lady Spriggs, to furnish our new Home in Cape Town for discharged prisoners. The cost will be over \$500.

From Melbourne, Australia.—In fifty-three corps that Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle have already visited in Australia, they have held 292 indoor meetings, and have seen 2,906 seekers of salvation.

New South Wales "Social Annual," held at magnificent Centenary Hall (Headquarters Wesleyan Methodist Forward Movement), His Excellency, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Frederick Darley, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of New South Wales, presided. Colonel Kilbey delivered splendid address, most enthusiastic meeting throughout, total cash raised, £325.

To crown the whole, a young man threw himself at the feet of the dinner's Saviour, and rejoiced in sins forgiven ere he left. The grand total, at the time of writing, for the effort, reached £325.

ALF. J. HANNA, Staff-Captain. The South Australian effort on behalf of the Social Wing, was a triumphant eclipse of all past South Australian Rescue Annals. The Hon. J. H. Gordon, M.L.O., Chief Secretary of the South Australian Government, presided. Colonel Kilbey had a most enthusiastic reception. £400 was raised.

From London, England.—Colonel Nicol, Editor of the English War Cry, will visit New York at the close of the General's Congress there.

Self-Denial Week in England, October 20th to 28th.

THE VERY LATEST. THE GENERAL. — AT — KINGSTON.

Popular Reception—Mass Meeting—
Addresses Students at Queen's—
Also inmates of Kingston
Penitentiary.

KINGSTON, Oct. 14.—(Special.)—General

Booth held possession of the city yesterday and to-day. He was greeted by a huge turnout of the Army. Two bands played. In two carriages the General and party, among whom were Commandant and Mrs. Booth, were conducted to the Market Square, where an arch of welcome had been erected. Mayor Herald, the City Council and a large number of the most prominent citizens of Kingston were assembled to greet the General, and the Mayor read his address of welcome. General Booth spoke in reply at some length, thanking the citizens of Kingston for their courtesy, and declaring his wish that he was younger, so that he could embrace with greater effect the opportunities which he saw before him, and that he might be now fit to give reason for the confidence which had been reposed in him. The General proceeded to Queen's University, where he became the guest of Principal Grant, and where he was to address an audience of students. There was a good turnout of the students, and the General spoke at considerable length, urging them to devote to enter into the fight for the right. "I claim your lives for Christ and for the benefit of mankind," he said, as he closed a very earnest appeal. In the evening a banquet was held, at which the General addressed his followers, and this was succeeded by a Council of War of some length, which was held in the First Congregational Church. To-day General Booth was present at the ordinary services. At 2 p.m. he went out to the Kingston Penitentiary, where, at the request of the convicts themselves, he conducted an interesting service. He addressed them, urging them to hopefulness, and reminding them that when they were released the Salvation Army would seek them to live an honest life. In the dining rink the General addressed 3,000 persons on his social movement. Principal Grant occupied the chair. In forcible terms the General outlined the misery existing in the "submerged tenth," and laid down the principle that deliverance, not condemnation, is what is aimed at. He protested against the classification of the poor as undesirable, saying that any man who wishes help to reform should have it. In the evening the General spoke at another crowded meeting in the rink.—Toronto Globe.

Liegar Street.—A brother, who had grown cold, came out and reconverted himself. More than jubilant when the love of God reached a sister's heart. "Free and easy" parade around the barracks, our sister joining in. A poor prodigal returned home at night.—Cadet LOWERY.

A NEW BIBLE?

No, of course, it is the good old Bible, but is new binding, and bound with it is the

REGULATION SONG BOOK.

Best leather binding, all sewn, India paper. Only 4 x 5 1/2 inches and one inch thick.

PRICE \$3.50.

INVALUABLE FOR OFFICERS.



"I beg your pardon, I forgot to send you the other side of the cover." With this comment without I mailed from New Year "Pennland."

Slew-but

The trip to South day; the weather the exception of a few

A splendid whale of kindness on boat in different exercise purposes went to gymnastic tests for



There is a character quite over the looking over the and surging billow better of the sky, of intense humilia previous do we feel then we think of us, in whose tried and a sense of heart.

Is it not so in the a Salvationist? Let water realities, but cables, and Satan



ndon, England.—Colonel
of the English War Cry, will
be at the time of the General
Week in England, October

VERY LATEST, GENERAL NGSTON.

ception—Mass Meeting—
Students at Queen's—
mates of Kingston
Penitentiary.

Oct. 14.—(Special).—General
session of the city yesterday
He was greeted by a large
Army. Two bands pre-
ceded the General and party,
were Commandant and Mrs.
conducted to the Market
an arch of welcome had been
erected, the City Council
member of the most prominent
Kingston were assembled to
salute, and the Mayor read his
welcome. General Booth
by at some length, thanking
Kingston for their courtesy,
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is rink.—Toronto Globe.

There is a characteristic attached to the
ocean quite overwhelming in its magnitude.
Looking over the vast expanse of rolling
and surging billows, till they wash the
border of the sky, brings to the soul a sense
of intense humiliation. How small and
powerless do we feel in the midst of this!
Even we think of the boat which carries
us in whose trial captain we all believe,
and a sense of defiance steals into our
heart.

Is it not so in the spiritual experience of
a Salvationist? Life, as it is in all its
bitter realities, hurls its waves of diffi-
culty, and Satan his wiles against our

root.—A brother, who had
me out and recommended him-
self as a "sinner," when the love of
a sister's heart. "Free and
around the barracks, our sister
a poor prodigal returned home
let Lowan.

NEW BIBLE?

It is the good old Bible, but it
is new, and bound with it is the
LATION SONG BOOK.

Binding, silk covers, India paper
4 inches and one inch thick.
PRICE \$3.50.

DARBY FOR - OTTOWA.

OVERLAND AND SEA TO Germany

WITH MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, and
respected Publisher, but I really could not
find time to send you a few lines from the
other side of the ocean about my adven-
tures." With this excuse, allow me to
commence without further introduction.
I sailed from New York on the Red Star
line "Fennland," 3,700 tons, one of those

Stow-but-Sure Boats.

The trip to Southampton took us eleven
days; the weather being favorable, with
the exception of a few fogs of not very long
duration.
A splendid whale appreciated our sense
of loneliness on board, and showed himself
in different exercises, while dolphins and
porpoises went through their several
gymnastic feats for our enjoyment.



There is a characteristic attached to the
ocean quite overwhelming in its magnitude.
Looking over the vast expanse of rolling
and surging billows, till they wash the
border of the sky, brings to the soul a sense
of intense humiliation. How small and
powerless do we feel in the midst of this!
Even we think of the boat which carries
us in whose trial captain we all believe,
and a sense of defiance steals into our
heart.

Is it not so in the spiritual experience of
a Salvationist? Life, as it is in all its
bitter realities, hurls its waves of diffi-
culty, and Satan his wiles against our

back to frighten us, but when we remem-
ber that the Captain of our salvation is at
the helm, we defy all other powers.
On Tuesday evening, we

Spied Land,

and all night saw the Lighthouses along the



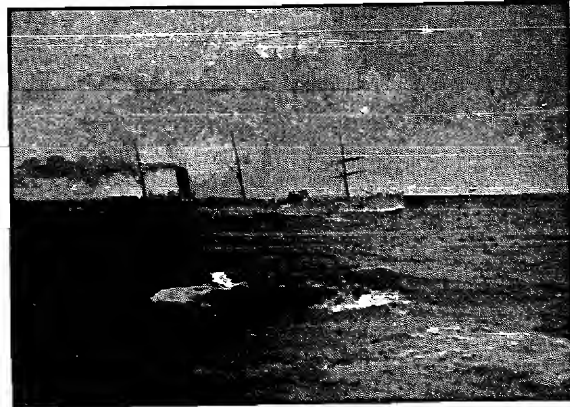
The Lighthouse, along the shore.

shore. But a lighthouse must be understood
to be of use to the seaman, otherwise it
may lure the boat into destruction instead
of keeping it off the shoals and reefs.
Sinners, in their darkness, often see these
beacon rays, but because they do not pay
different heed to their significance, they
make shipwreck.

Wednesday morning the picturesque
Needles came in view, and were to the eyes
who had seen only sky and water for
eleven days, a wonderful relief, which
greatly enhanced their natural beauty.
Shortly before noon, we landed at South-
ampton, and in less than ten minutes

The Passengers were Scattered

in all directions, carrying with them an
impression of each one of us, which will
unconsciously influence them in their con-
tact with others. How we are linked up
with each other! And should we not walk
circumspectly, so that we may have indeed
that influence for which we pray, but which



COAL OIL STEAMER, MID OCEAN.

can be cured if we act it out in the knowl-
edge of Almighty assistance.

The same night some of us crossed the
German Ocean, and reached Antwerp early
next morning. This old Hanseatic city, which
not so very long ago was the centre of
commerce for the European continent, and
its population was only next to Paris, pre-
sents a lovely panorama to the traveller on
board as the steamer is plying up the River
Scheldt. The harbor and docks are very
extensive, and flags of all nationalities are
flying in the floating forest of masts. What
a medley of faces, colors of skin, and a real
babel of languages! There are many visi-
tars in the city just now on account of the
International Exposition being held there.
I was anxious to see whether I could see
anything in the

Printing Machinery Line,

but the exhibit therein is very small. A
splendid exhibit was a papermill complete
in operation, the pulp being prepared at

one end and the paper coming out cut in
sheets at the other.

Type-setting machines, I found but one,
after a long, weary hunt. American manu-
facturers are conspicuous by their small
representation; perhaps the gigantic Chi-
cago affair took from them all appreciation
of smaller concerns.

There are many old buildings and streets
of historical and architectural interest in
Antwerp. The Cathedral is of great fame,
and contains grand treasures of wood-
carving, among them the chancel cut of
wood, and representing a tree with its
branches and leaves spread over it. Divine
services were being held while I visited it,
and the beautiful singing of a hidden choir,
mingling with the strains of the great
organ, produced a most wonderful effect,
but I am afraid with many of the worship-
pers, it was a matter of custom or of simple
emotion, with little spiritual significance.

NEW BOOKS, PERIODICALS, ETC.

That enterprising litterateur, Major
Marshall, has forwarded to our office the
October number of the *Conqueror*. This
periodical genuinely deserves praise. The
paper used is of excellent quality, the type
sharp and clean, and the mechanical work
is done thoroughly well. In this number
there are eighteen different papers, nearly all
of which are illustrated in the very highest
style.

"The whole round earth," gathers up the
last important items of U. S. A. progress around
the planet.

India, Jamaica, and Switzerland, have
papers devoted to them. "A pagan resurrec-
tion," is the Editor's own production, and
has an appeal for a higher consideration on
the example of our Hindoo brethren.

There are many other interesting, edifying
papers, and last, but not least, a sweet little
song, set to just the style of music we need
more of. Much of our music is too complex.
The composition by Mr. Levi S. Gales is both
charming and simple. We hope to produce
it later on.

It is a cheap ten cents worth, and may be
had from 111 Reade St., New York City, or
of our Trade Secretary at Toronto. Annual
subscription, one dollar.

The *Australian* monthly, *Full Salvation*,
for September, has reached us. It is a
highly interesting number as usual, and has
a colored plate at the front, with pictures
of Commissioner Coombs, Staff-Captains
Birkenshaw and Stephens, with an English
rose and some Australian wattle-blossom, and
the words, "Welcome home."

"Shall it be that the longings of our hearts
born of the Spirit will never be met? Lean
souls answer, 'Never!' Unbelief answers,
'Never.' All the legions of evil spirits break
forth in a chorus of, 'Never! NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!'

"Shall I give over my will to accord with
lean souls, unbelief and devils while the
blessed promise of God stands forth in lustre
more glorious than ten thousand suns, and
with a certainty as immovable as the founda-
tions of heaven? 'No! He shall baptize you with
the Holy Ghost and with fire.'"

So asks Major Graham in that first-class
September number of the *Australian FULL
SALVATION* just to hand.

Brigadier Hammond, the new South Afri-
can Field Secretary, gives the following testi-
mony under a capital half-tone cut of himself:

"The one purpose and ambition of my life
has been, from the first moment of my con-
version, to serve God and save sinners. To
enable me to accomplish this desire, God has
given me a place in the ranks of the Army."
Very affectionately yours, — J. HAMMOND.

J. G.



CASTLE HOHENFELS, GERMANY.

(The Empire, Oct. 12)

Man of the Day—A Unique Personality—The Army Leader's Great—The Genius of a General.

BY FAITH FENNER.

When I came to see him, when I stood face to face with this man who seemed to me a deeper philosopher, I have a momentary voiceless, being mind was of my own littlest of knowledge, of the experience of age, of study, of a cause, which has made him a General Booth, the father of the Army.

In the hard market places of the world, no motive is accounted pure, as people may glance at some of the efforts and plans for the uplifting of degraded humanity, thinking to draw from them some scheme of personal enrichment. But apart from any such sign, and viewed only as the expression of a wonderful organization of sympathy, and with the wide and unselfish of General Booth, the father of the Army.

He is in the hard market places of the world, no motive is accounted pure, as people may glance at some of the efforts and plans for the uplifting of degraded humanity, thinking to draw from them some scheme of personal enrichment. But apart from any such sign, and viewed only as the expression of a wonderful organization of sympathy, and with the wide and unselfish of General Booth, the father of the Army.

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spoke a few brief, tender words of this lovely woman, whose life I have come to regard with reverence, not from any personal knowledge, but because of the clear education and love with which her husband and children speak of her.

General Booth, I said presently, "in this Darkest England scheme?"

"Ah, now you are beginning the interview," he said, straightening himself up. "This is only an informal talk." I said, "I haven't a note book. But even if your scheme proves most successful, do you expect to make any serious impression on the social mass of misery that your book describes as existing in London?"

"No; oh, no. I only hope to show, by practical illustration, 'the way out,'" he answered. "I am only trying to build the railway that will carry the people from Darkest England to a country where they may see light. They will not all be persuaded to make it in my time; they will not all have a chance. But if the railway is built, and 'the way out' is made clear, then surely in the first step accepted aid in the solution of this awful social problem."

"Out here in Canada it is hard to realize the difficulty," I said. "We have so much room."

"That is it. There is plenty of room in many countries; but 'the way out' means something more than the mere relief from cramped quarters. It means the way out of poverty, crime, enforced idleness and despair, and implies 'the way out' to honest labor, self-respect and self-respect."

"Yes, we have room in the colonies for all of Darkest England; but really we do not want criminals as settlers," I said.

"Of course not," answered the General. "But criminals are not the worst class of the underworld. There are some splendid men among criminals. Lookers—the men who will work, or cannot work—are by far the most difficult class to deal with. Besides supplying the work, we must put the men in such conditions and environments that they are able to do it. A half-civilized, untrained man is never a workman."

The Army leader was started on the subject of his heart, and leaning forward, with hands on his knees, his shaggy, lion-like head bobbing in emphasis, he talked freely and at length.

"What country affords the biggest field for the Salvation Army, General?"

"I think India presents the biggest field," he answered thoughtfully.

"Then you do not believe that Buddhism is greater than the Christian faith?"

"No," he said emphatically.

the grace of God, which came to me in my youth, the tendency toward the winning and saving of souls—a noble form of acquisitiveness."

"No; I think we lay too much stress upon heredity. I have sat at tables with fine patriarchal fathers and mothers, grown much by their own honest labors, whose sons and daughters, with all the advantages of college education, were yet of no use whatever."

He is also opposed to a Socialism that demands an equal division of property.

"What nonsense it is," he said, shaking his grey locks and looking out at me from beneath those heavy brows. "We are born, in as far as we can, to make our fellow creatures happy; but happiness does not consist in an equal division of possessions, but in a chance to earn the means of life. You may need more than one, and less than another. I may require something that you do not need at all. We have only a right to do what we can to place our fellow-men in a condition to be saved, and salvation is almost impossible when a man is in extreme physical misery. He is like a drowning man; rescue him first, save him, clothe him, then say, 'Let us pray.'"

"This much we should do, but it is a different thing from sharing equally with him all our possessions. That is nonsense."

In relating a Russian incident, General Booth stated that the Czar refused to admit the Salvation Army into Russia.

"We have a friend at the Russian court," he said, "who is one of us in all save the uniform, and she has appeared often for our admittance. The Czar listens to her accounts of our work in other lands very good-naturedly, but his only comment thus far has been: 'That all my army will do, is better than here.' Nevertheless, we shall find an opening some day."

The "few moments" of my first intention had prolonged themselves far beyond the half hour, when I suddenly remembered how I was trespassing upon Mr. Booth's evening time, and rose to take my leave. The General rose, and from his tall height looked down with kindly glance into my face.

"And how is it with you?" he queried.

"The question dropped unheeded into silence, while without the window the chill white clouds drifted over the lifeless city, and the tall trees dropped in frost-touched leaves in little gusts carried."

"They shall be called the CHILDREN OF GOD."

Who? PEACEMAKERS! Where? Anywhere, but more particular opportunities afforded in RECONCILIATION WEEK

TORONTO TEMPLE.

Thirty-one people at the Temple knee-drill on Sunday, October 14th, paying for seats to be seated in the Temple.

The Temple band out three times for music; a sharp on time; all of the bandmen present; never heard them play better; no time wasted between times; they play for God.

The people at the Queen's Hotel give \$4.16 to the Army collection.

Mrs. Major Compila enthusiastically welcomed by officers, soldiers, and friends, who pray she may be mightily blessed by God.

West Ontario Jottings.

BRIGADIER MARGRETTA.

When every bone in a man's body is in competition to see which can ache the most, when his head is dizzy, and try how he will, he cannot think consecutively, when all might be either undergoing the painful experience of being burned to death, drowned, devoured by some wild beast, or in some ghastly and unaccountable state somewhere near death, but trying to live and do some fighting in the Salvation Army, something is surely wrong with the man, either in body or soul, or both.

Being thoroughly rain-soaked, so before God, that the soul was O.K., with the view of putting the body right I went to Goderich to join Mrs. Margretta, who had already been there some time, and was in the neighbourhood of the air of Lake Huron. The first three or four days I was very quiet and contented with talking to the Master, conversing with Mrs. Margretta and dear old Mother Smith, and playing with the children between times, putting in very comfortably twelve hours per night and three to four hours per day in solid sleep. That, however, soon wore out, and Saturday and Sunday we all piled in together and did our best to bless each other in the name of the Lord and to get souls saved. One sister volunteered for salvation.

After Seaford we thought we could not better complete our rest than by getting the use of the Clinton war horse and driving to the summering place. Mrs. Margretta, my self, and "Wildie," mounted the chariot kindly prepared by Ensign Malby and his Lieutenant, and took our first fourteen mile drive to Brimsley. The sun shines brightly. Air, delightful. At Brimsley, Capt. Rowe takes charge of the war horse. Mrs. Rowe welcomes us and prepares dinner.

It did seem comical that Capt. Rowe could get the horse, buggy, and himself safely across the river which runs through Brimsley, but that on the return journey, just as the Captain was in the centre of the bridge it broke in, and judge the consequences.

The corps had just held its E. F. and had passed its target. Brimsley was well "ecclesiastical" with a good night. Ensign Fraser and Capt. Battledown took part.

Wingham next; distance, eighteen miles. Had some interesting times here. Mrs. Margretta remained at Wingham over Sunday, while I went on to Clinton. Some heavy fighting was done at both places.

"We have eight recruits to be enrolled to-night," was the welcome information Capt. Cromer gave us soon after we arrived at Bayfield next day. Although small, Bayfield is a fine field.

Mrs. Margretta did a special thing at Goderich on Tuesday night, which appears to have been much appreciated.

Had a good time following night at Clinton. Ensign Malby and the officers from Bayfield and Goderich came to our assistance.

Goal-saving! Is there anything like it? Naught under the sun. Winter is upon us. Now for an upheaval of the powers of sin. Some of the powers are being broken. Oh, for more praying people, who will wrestle until the victory is won!

I often wonder why our people don't avail themselves of the Free Press. As a rule no people could be more considerate and courteous than those who represent the Canadian Press; they are ever ready to do the Army a good turn. I know an officer who almost every week has a few brief notes written out in an interesting style and sent to the papers. This serves two good purposes, viz.: The people get the news of the Army wherever the paper appears—a boon to the people and paper, too. Second, the Army gets the sympathy and help of the people thus informed. There is one commendation to us about our officers—why is it that the War Cry, a weekly paper, is not included in the weekly supply of contributions.

The father-in-law of Ensign One has gone over Jordan's river. Kindly remember them and their bereaved friends when you pray, not forgetting Capt. Stayer, who is down sick with fever.

Ensign and Mrs. Clark, as also Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, are on a brief rest. Captain Baker, of London, is transferred to the Hotel work, and will be busy in the coal and wood business in connection with that glorious institution. Staff Captain and Mrs. Collier, too, are having a few days' quiet at the home of their childhood.

Rather an extensive farewell takes place in West Ontario Province on the 21st inst.

Mrs. Margretta's health has considerably improved by her few days' rest and change at Goderich. Thank God! She proposes to visit all the corps she can. She has done Seaford, Brimsley, Wingham, Bayfield, and Clinton, and is down for St. Thomas, Thed-

Naval Brigade.—At officers' quarters, right hungry mouths going at once. Oh, how that bread did disappear! Hall well filled, taking into consideration the Methodist were holding their Harvest Festival. One brother said a friend had said to him that in uniform he looked like a pig in harness; to which he replied he had lived like a pig once in the gutter of filth, sin and despair, but God had come along and picked him.

CAMPBELLFORD. Had a nice drive up, and passed through some fine country. The sisters on the platform were many, and pitched in and helped with their voices, and ten stringed instruments. Capt. Beardsall played his autoharp and mouth organ at once. Staff Captain called on Rev. Mr. Curtis, the Methodist minister of Campbellford, who expressed his pleasure at being present, and his knowledge of the cleansing Blood and the Fire that purifies our lives. A cartoon once he saw, of a wizard, who was telling a fond father who was holding a bright, pure boy by the hand, how by passing his wand over him, he could change him into all that was vile, and asked for the father's consent, and gaining it, by passing his wand over him and repeating some mysterious words he immediately changed. When the father gazed on his son and saw the pitiable condition of him, he said to the wizard, "Change him back," but the answer came back, "I can't." This representing how many aid and give consent to the selling of infirmities, words he have their own flesh and blood ruined. He prayed God would bless the Army to the uttermost parts of the earth. Three souls were liberated.

WARWORTH had a pretty good time and fair crowd in the Town Hall.

Left for Brimsley, sixteen miles to drive; country being so hilly the team walked nearly all the way. 2:30 a.m. when we drove to quarters. Lieut. Angus gave us a warm welcome. Everyone seemed bent on sleeping at the rate of eighteen knots an hour to make up for lost time. Our boys went in next for a wash-day; first, the blouse, and after came odds and ends; such a wash-line, full; but the ironing took the cake. Brother Rose came in for this part of the show, assisted by one of the sergeants of the corps. March to the Town Hall, where we held our meeting. Sharp shooting, solos. There held up their hands. Then the battle commenced. One sister yielded, then some red-hot prayer, and after two hours' solid fighting, God rewarded our faith and labor by setting free seven precious souls. Standing them in a row, Staff had them singing.

"Just as I am without one plan." Was it good? It was a forecast of heaven. Tuxford, a distance of ten miles. A dear brother gave us a big basket of apples, and, then another. A little while after this, at the lower end of the hall, another poor sinner was seeking forgiveness. Had the joy of seeing six set free.—Cadet TURNER.

Board the "Armenia" and steamed down to Belleville; morning foggy. At 8:30 a.m. piled into dock, and marched to barracks. Good crowd. Collection, \$4.10. March at seven; large crowd; barracks nicely filled; the Holy Spirit speaking; two sisters volunteered out, and six held up their hands to be prayed for. Sunday morning prayer meeting, our usual blessed. 10:30, open-air. Staff Captain Jewer led into dock, and marched to barracks. Good crowd. Collection, \$4.10. March at seven; large crowd; barracks nicely filled; the Holy Spirit speaking; two sisters volunteered out, and six held up their hands to be prayed for. Sunday morning prayer meeting, our usual blessed. 10:30, open-air. Staff Captain Jewer led into dock, and marched to barracks. Good crowd. Collection, \$4.10. March at seven; large crowd; barracks nicely filled; the Holy Spirit speaking; two sisters volunteered out, and six held up their hands to be prayed for.

Left for Napanea. I heard one good old Methodist lady say it was a splendid way of silvering our meetings. At night, Capt. Churchill sang.

"Another's prayer." and Ensign MacGillivray, from Kingston, gave us his testimony, and pleaded with the sinners. Then the Staff took the ring and went in and did some heavy shooting. Three souls. Weather wet. Souls are bright and happy.

On the road to Kingston, stopped at Bro. Gorrie's to suppers. Kingston at three o'clock. Real good meeting inside; one soul. Open air on market place in spite of the rain. Staff Captain spoke; many wounded souls left; one sister sought God.

Gassanoke, two o'clock, and rounded up the town. A good open-air.—Cadet TURNER.

NOW, ISN'T THIS CHEERY?

[Ed.]

54 DUNDAS STREET, TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, '94.

DEAR MAJOR.—Enclosed please find War Cry report, and a brief article for the Young Soldier, by one of the Cadets, and a song from your humble servant. God bless you.

You will be glad to know we have "sold out" the last two weeks, and pray that more than ever you may be made instrumental in making the WAR CRY "tip top" in every respect.

With salvation love to Mrs. Compila, believe me, yours and God's in happy service, F. FRANK.



THOMAS KNIGHT.

(Continued.)

"Hell the stone of self-sufficiency,
And let the Christ within thee rise."



ILL the drink did not incapacitate me from work. I could stand up and take a train out under a bottle of brandy, and no one knew I had been drinking. The secret was, I had a strong constitution on which the drink was feeding.

I stayed two years in Africa, then went home and saw my people, leaving again for the States, where I did considerable preaching about; worked on several railways in different parts of the country, and made a voyage to the Arctic sea.

Engineer of a Whale Ship.

In 1888, I handled one of the ninety-five ton engines over the cascades from Tacoma. The beginning of '89, I went to South America, and was employed the same day I landed in Valparaiso, on the German mail railroad. Here I drank worse than ever, for the officials did not seem to mind it. I worked on several roads in Chile, Peru, and Bolivia, and was in Iquique at the bombardment. There was a lot of fighting done, but newspaper accounts were exaggerated.

In '91, I got dysentery while in charge of steam-plough on a sugar plantation in Northern Peru, owned by an American firm. It was death to stop there. I began to think the world was not such a bad place after all, and if I left it, I might possibly get into a worse one. I determined to live as long as possible, deciding to go back to the States. On my arrival at Panama, the ticket agent would not sell me a ticket as I could scarcely stand, and he feared the quarantine, for he believed I had fever.

I then went across the Isthmus to Colon, and while there actually got

The Panama Fever

on top of the dysentery I was already suffering from. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I went on to New Orleans, and entered the hospital, where I spent two months, and left almost as bad as when I went in.

But I did not intend to die for the want of trying to get well, so I went to Liverpool and thence to London, straight to a hospital. When I told the doctor where I got sick, and how I had travelled since, he could scarcely believe it. His own words were, "I never saw a man so terribly run down and yet get about." I was simply walking about to save funeral expenses.

While in the hospital, I wrote my friends to come and see me. The reason I did not go straight home was that I had not written for some time, and was ashamed to go in my poverty and sickness for I had very little money when I got to London.

My mother and sisters came to see me at once; but I will not attempt to describe the scene. After a couple of months, I

Left the Hospital Convalescent.

and stayed home a few weeks, but soon began to get restless. There seemed to be no room for me in England, so I went off to New York. I intended to go from there to the Argentine Republic, where I knew I could get an engine at once; but man proposes and God disposes.

Just to pass an evening away, I visited the Salvation Army. When I left the meeting, I was one of the most miserable men on earth; made my mind up to be a Christian, and commenced praying in my room, but it seemed to do me no good. I went to the meeting again, but that penitential form fairly made me shiver and tremble. If any ordinary sinner had called me a coward, I should certainly have tried to crawl the world down his throat.

But here I knew I was wrong. I know that under any circumstances, my life had not been what it ought to have been, and I felt convinced these Salvationists were right, and I hadn't the courage to admit it.

I was a coward, and I know it; perhaps pride had something to do with it.

No one can tell what it means for

An Infidel to Confess Christ.

except God and the saved infidel. Well, I prayed earnestly in my own room for three days and nights before the light came. Instead of going where I intended to go, I shipped in the American four-masted iron ship "Kendworth" as third officer, and came to Portland, Oregon.

I lived a Christian life on board, and as soon as it was known that the third officer was religious, there was a lot of excitement, and it was a source of much amusement for the crew.

But, strange to say, there happened to be an old salt in the forecabin who knew me in the old steam motor days, and he advised me not to creep up the point of deprecation.

I felt I ought to speak about Jesus, but the same seemed to choke me, and I could not, though I did some temperance work while on board, and thirteen men signed the pledge. I met one of them afterwards. He had become a Christian, and often testified in Salvation Army meetings.

After leaving the ship, I commenced to hunt work, and while engaged in that interesting occupation dropped into Vancouver, and attended the meeting, but could not say a word for Jesus.

About the third evening, I felt I must go to the penitential form, and before I reached it, I felt the change. I was free;

The Dumb Devil was Cast Out.

and I was no longer ashamed to stand up for Christ. Since then I have not only spoken in Salvation Army barracks, but in churches, in hotels, on board ships, in railroad camps, anywhere and everywhere when I can get an audience of one or a hundred to listen to me. I am glad, nay, thankful, to speak for Christ, and though I believe that a great deal of good is done outside of religion, yet I am satisfied that the greatest and only lasting good is to win a soul, and get the crowd, self-love, flesh, crushed into subjection to the higher and nobler nature—the Christ nature.

I have thought much on this subject, and find that man is naturally selfish. It is natural for one man to oppress another; the poor do it to the rich, and the rich to the poor. I am sure that when Christ really comes into our lives, self-die, and the God-nature reigns. We become a little better than the angels.

OUR AUXILIARIES.

Mrs. BOOTH as LEADER.—The many friends connected with us in the above League, will have received Mrs. Booth's letter, apprising them of the great pleasure it has afforded her, at the Commandant's request, to take the oversight of this department, together with the Light Brigade. It was our aim every month for the League will be pleased to note this evidence of the interest taken in the same by Mrs. Booth, and also to mark the assurance of her particular attention in the future.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL.—Mrs. Booth is anxious to meet the Auxiliaries and friends in some of our larger towns and cities, as far as circumstances will permit, to explain the object of the various branches of our work, as well as to give some interesting facts concerning the results of our operations. We should feel glad, therefore, for suggestions, or any help our Auxiliaries can render, and we believe they can do a great deal to enable us to secure a number of fresh members, and arouse sympathy and interest in our work. Now, Auxiliaries, if you please, we shall be glad to hear from you.

SOME NEW MEMBERS.—Quite a few new subscriptions have been sent in during the past week or so. Some of our old Auxiliaries have done good service in explaining the object and mission of the League, and where this is done, it does not appear to be difficult to get new members—may this

encourage our old Auxiliaries to do more in this direction. We are sure we can in a short time double our present number if our Auxiliaries will try to enlist the sympathy of their friends on behalf of the Lord's work.

The following is an extract from an influential gentleman in sending his first subscription to the League:

"I herewith enclose \$5. Kindly enroll me as a member of your 'Auxiliary League.' I feel it an honor to be in any way connected with your noble work, and will esteem it a privilege to come in touch, and personally acquainted with the leaders of the various branches of your work."

OUR OLD MEMBERS.—Ten dollars from the General's forty-five-year-old convert. Quite a number of subscriptions are due this month; several have already received. We shall be pleased if members will send their names with subscriptions, so as to be sure of renewal slip being adjusted. It is refreshing to note the number of Auxiliaries who have been connected with the League for six, seven, and eight years. Several of this class have renewed recently, and in doing so, have expressed their increasing admiration of, and sympathy with, the work God is helping the Army to accomplish. One such, just to hand, to the Commandant, demands an extract for the benefit of our friends everywhere:

"I HAVE GREAT CAUSE TO PRAISE GOD FOR HIS BLESSING. It was YOUR FATHER THAT POINTED ME TO MY PRECIOUS SAVIOUR FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. YOUR SAINTED MOTHER LED ME ON TO THE WAY OF HOLINESS SOME SIXTEEN YEARS AGO. YOURSELF RECALLED ME AS A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS LAST DECEMBER."

This old lady is not rich in this world's goods, but had a present of \$10 given to her, which, coming just at the time when her subscription became due, and feeling much concerned as to how she would be able to pay, she felt the Lord just sent this to enable her to renew for the next two years.

These, then, are the signs of a revival in this important department. We trust our Auxiliaries, new and old—our friends and comrades throughout the Canadian field, will feel encouraged by this evidence to respond to the "rally," and help us in our endeavor to double our present number by the end of the year.

SECRETARY.

THE "WAR CRY."

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

Would you know the name of paper I love—

The WAR CRY,

The paper that's prized by the blessed above,

The WAR CRY;

The paper that cannot the devil to freeze,

The WAR CRY;

The paper that tumbles his kingdom down,

The WAR CRY.

The paper that guides us to walk in the light,

The WAR CRY,

The paper that scatters the darkness of night,

The WAR CRY;

The uttermost bound of sin's kingdom is stirred

By that paper itself. It is truly verified,

His Majesty's word every word

Of the WAR CRY.

Oh, thrice blessed paper, we wish thee success,

Oh, WAR CRY,

May Christ use thee ever to save and to bless,

Oh, WAR CRY!

In thy pages shine forth a Redeemer's love,

They constantly point us to heaven above,

Oh, speed, speed the WAR CRY, come give it a shove

For God and the Army.

Books and Publications.

I.—BY THE GENERAL.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR FIELD OFFICERS.—A book which should be in the possession of each Field Officer. Bound in Black Cloth, \$1.25. Bound in Red Leather, \$2.00.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS.—All Soldiers should use this, and every D. O. should have one in his office. 60 cents.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.—Paper Cover, 50 cts. Cloth, \$1.00.

SOCIAL SCRAPS.

BY THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

A few words from our letters (divulged as they are in their requests, may not be devoid of interest.

"Received your card. Am much obliged for the trouble you have taken in finding my brother, whom we had given up as dead."

A few particulars will give you an insight into our Enquiry Work, and will also explain, to some extent, the method by which in so many instances, we are enabled to "bring back the lost."

In 1891 an anxious sister wrote enquiring for this wandering brother. We waited, but apparently without success, until just a few days ago, when we received a letter from Australia giving us the address. We were able to write and tell the missing sister.

The second letter is touching in the extreme. Here it is:—

"I thought I would write to you, as the only possible way of finding a clue as to my husband's whereabouts. I married the second time without knowing or caring whether my first husband was living or dead. But since then I have been brought to God, and the thought of my possible life has almost driven me out of my mind."

These follow the barest possible description of the missing one. The task is difficult one, but with Him "all things are possible," and so we leave no stone unturned.

Let me give you the "bones" of a most interesting and successful Canadian case.

A mother advertised for a daughter whom she had not seen since she was ten years old. The advertisement was copied into foreign papers until it reached the shores of dark India. Here the long-lost daughter saw her name. She, by this time, was married and settled down in her own home, and yet she longed for mother. A letter in secret containing an invitation and the money for the long journey between Toronto and Bombay. Can you imagine the mother's feeling, and she read the name, and saw the substantial message of love! Truly her's were tears of joy. But a long journey lay between her and her loved one.

The Salvation Army had done so much for her, perhaps they could do more. She said to herself of introduction to our office in London; where, upon her arrival, she received a hearty welcome, as advised as to the best lodgings, etc. But a long portion of her journey is yet untravelled. What she should do take I, etc., etc. Through the International Agency we can also supply the necessary information, and so another once more sets forth for her happy reunion. We draw the curtain on this meeting, too sacred for other eyes.

There are many others who thank God for the joy the Salvation Army, through its Enquiry Department, has brought into their lives.

Perhaps you have lost a mother, father, brother, sister, etc. We would gladly help you to find them. Will you send us particulars, as full as possible, and we will do our utmost to discover the wandering one, but please do not forget to enclose \$1.00 to cover the expenses of printing, postage, etc.

"All the World."

ALL THE WORLD, for October, has reached our office. The keynote of this number is Self-Denial. As we scanned ALL THE WORLD eighty pages, and took in a little of the spirit emanating therefrom, a feeling of glad thankfulness swelled up in our hearts at each a clear, pointed, concise witness for God in going round the world; and, too, that such a wealth of consecrated talent has been placed at His disposal as the production of ALL THE WORLD.

ALL THE WORLD is always written in the very best style, is intensely interesting, full of common sense, and realistic life-lessons. Life with which it pulsates. It gets deeply the very heart and conscience, and it is a golden harvest in spiritual results. It is not sold to get it at once, wherever you are. Salvationists or Christians; especially if you are in any way a worker for God or His people, get it. You cannot afford to be without it. May God bless it in the world-wide distribution.

Order of Trade Secretary, Salvation Army, Toronto. Price, 15 cents.

Selkirk, one taking week.—I.

Carleton, fire to sprout come.

Carleton, of power God, cried.

Orillia, Saturday: Sunday. Westover.

Wentworth, one taking week.—I.

Wentworth, one taking week.—I.

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